THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

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For the Evening Fire-side.

When first Columbia claim'd a nation's right,
Or savage rous'd his progeny to fight
Ont hese sequester'd plains, and hills of snow,
We know not, nor avails it aught to know.

But if th' historic page we rightly scan,
Our ancestors here found their fellow Man;
And though a creature of terrific mien,
Still the same image as their own was seen;
Cast in one mould, of the same plastic clay,
By nature join'd, lo! hand in hand they stray.

These were undoubted sov'reigns of the land,
The others strangers, a poor pilgrim band,
By persecution doom'd awhile to roam,
Till here they gain'd asylum and a home.

The native Indians peaceful welcome gave,
To these strange white-men that escap'd the wave.
Mark this, ye Christians of the present day,
Do you now practise the wild Indian's way?
Has mild philanthropy your hearts possest,
And innate virtue rooted in your breast?

Have you resolv'd, and to it firmly stood,
Not to do evil if you won't do good;
To love your neighbor, all his rights respect,
And as you value life, his life protect?

Ah! no; your ruthless hosts destructive, wave
War's horrid banners posting to the grave;
Embattled legions swarm across the plain,
And strew the earth with heaps of brethren slain.

With triple tiers see floating castles ride,
And mangled limbs empurple Ocean's tide:
These are your deeds of universal love,
Which some are acting while the rest approve.

In Europe has the stream of blood begun,
That ceases not by day or night to run:
France, Britain, Russia, Austria, Sweden, strive,
With emulating zeal vast hordes to drive:
Spain, Holland, Italy, in arms appear,
And Prussia's Myrmidons bring up the rear.

One single prize in this infernal fight,
Who kills the most secures the victor's right.
Humanity recoils such facts to own,
And reason trembles on her august throne.

No longer then we'll trace the tragic scene,
But gently draw compassion's veil between,
And pity him who seeks a brother's blood,
Deluded by the plea of doing good;
True honor, glory, fame, and just renown,
Belong to those who cry these murders down.

On these blest shores, where Liberty displays
Her smiling aspect with a temper'd blaze,
Where dove-eyed Peace with her angelic train,
Delights to dwell, remote from tort'ring pain;
Where Reason and Religion, sisters fair,
Unite their powers, and make man their care.

Ambition prompts not discord's baneful rage,
To dim the lustre of our rising age;
Releas'd from savage war's tremendous storms,
Fair Science's milder arts display their forms.

Whilst led by Wisdom we are taught to feel,
That Peace advances most our public weal;
Beneath her wing we've gain'd a noble height,
Our fame extending as the dawning light.

To Agriculture kind, this fertile land
Repays with ample stores the tilling hand;
While Commerce swift unfurls the hempen sail,
And wafts to foreign parts her rich regale.

Returning hoards of wealth, immensely great,
Spread smiling Plenty o'er our infant state.
For all these bounties let us grateful raise,
In humble strains, a heart-felt song of praise:
By pray'r implore the all-disposing Hand
To aid, protect, and bless Columbia's land.

H.

Philad. Feb. 17, 1806.

For the Evening Fire-side.

The following Letter was written by Eliza to her sister Anna, on the choice of a husband. The former married a wretch devoted to all kinds of vice, who recommended a friend of his as a husband to Anna. She likes him, and applies to the elder sister for advice.

"How shall I find words, my much loved sister, to thank you for your confidencce? You know me then your friend: charming idea! the ties of blood doubly bound by the enchanting knot of friendship. You send me your lover's letters; you tell me in your own I judge harshly; that men of libertine principles have sometimes made amiable husbands and affectionate fathers. Excuse me, Anna, if I say never: a mind thoroughly vitiated can never regain its original purity. I have indeed frequently heard the light unthinking part of our sex exclaim, "Reformed rakes make the best of husbands." Monstrous vanity, to think we possess more powerful charms than the many they have deceived; the innocent, my love, are not likely to retain their volatile hearts: the bold, who share their riots, may have some hold on them; but modesty, that shrinks at midnight revels, and dies at the shadow of shame, will be always too troublesome a companion to be pleasing. Again, you say time may cure the errors of his conduct. Habitual virtue encreases with age; alas! I fear vice does the same: and the fault of youth will be the sin of age. O, Anna, see in me a parent, friend, and sister: a dying mother gave me the first title; your own heart shall give me the second, and nature stamps the third: then shall my Anna, untold, experience the horrors of a libertine's wife? Shall she alone count the long told midnight hour, or the still more dismal note of morn, in vain expectance of a wretch's return? must she contemplate an infant's face while her heart trembles for its sire? or press a cherub to her breast while she blushes for the author of its being? Could I have my wish, my beloved sister should be united to one of untainted morals, who, on a nearer acquaintance should become more estimable; whose good qualities would daily develop not one who, like a flash of lightning, should instantly evaporate, and leave a pestilential breath behind, to poison love, and embitter every future promised hour of happiness. I am by no means pleased with matches made suddenly, by immediate love; without a knowledge of disposition, there cannot be esteem: people of very different tempers may be violently smitten with each other, but when time removes the mask, the gay will seek the gay, and the serious be left to contemplate alone. A marriage, on the contrary, which commences in esteem, is far more likely to be happy. Friendship may easily become softer sensations; for we cannot love with-

out some portion of esteem, but I fear we may sometimes love where it is impossible for us to respect, though time, reason, and virtue, will always enable us to conquer what is repugnant to honor. But enough of this ungrateful subject. I promised you my narrative, but must delay till next post: Farewell, my Anna; tell Caroline I long to feel the friendly pressure of her arm. Alas! a glare of lights, the gaity of dress, and the compliments of fools, are not suited to the disposition of your Eliza, and I think of your sweet retirement with a sigh, yet not a sigh of envy; it is only an emotion of the heart when we think on those we love and wish to meet.

ELIZA.

For the Evening Fire-side.

POEMS OF CATHARINE L——.

NO. V.

To a person who reflected on the character of the Female Sex.

I grant your satire just; 'tis true there are
Some flutt'ring insects e'en among the fair:
Whose earth-born souls, to meaner views confin'd,
Neglect the nobler culture of the mind:
Who, hapless spendthrifts! barter peace for show,
Whose hearts ignobly flutter at a beau!

Others there are who hope in you to find
A kindred soul, and sympathetic mind:
Who, spite of kind experience' warning, cry,
Brave the big danger, and on man rely.

All this I grant;—and when a *Johnson*'s page
Reflects again the manners of the age,
We feel its force; and grant *his* right to blame,
Whose own example led the way to fame.

But shall the wretch, whom science never taught
Refin'd ideas, or a generous thought,
Who never rose beyond his narrow sphere,
Or thought of Heaven, or felt an int'rest there:
On fancied worth erect his little throne,
And o'er a woman's name exalt his own?

Shall she, C—n, when oft her heav'n-born mind
Breaks thro' the bonds by prejudice confin'd,
On wings of genius as M'Cauly, borne
To seize the laurel long by pedants worn,
To haughty man resign the palm of worth,
And o'er her nature raise a kindred earth?

Forbid it, dignity! and virtuous pride!
Nor let vain man his haughty claims decide.
Yet some there are, some consecrated few,
To merit candid, and to justice true,
Exchang'd from prejudice, its tides controul,
Who dare to think that woman has a soul.

In the fair form can more than form admire,
The patriot's soul, and genius' native fire:
Admiring, view those talents in retreat,
Which, call'd to action, made a *Cato* great.

Nor think, by this, that we'd usurp your claim
To the loud clarions of immortal fame:
Still may the laurel deck the hero's scar,
And grateful plaudits crown the patriot's care:
Let such fulfil the high decrees of fate,
And in their native sphere alone be great,
"A woman's noblest station is retreat."

Their gentle virtues, as the murm'ring stream,
Enriching rolls its steady course serene,
Feeds the big ocean, which with raptur'd eyes
We view, nor think from whence its treasures rise.

NO. VI.

ON CHRISTMAS.

Hail hallow'd morn! whose consecrated ray
Sheds a bright dawn on this auspicious day:
The day that own'd complete the wond'rous plan,
Which boundless Wisdom form'd for erring man:

Which sheath'd the sword that awful justice hurl'd,
And hung suspended o'er a guilty world:
Bade mercy's standard wave o'er ruin's prey,
And death's dark empire own th' Almighty sway:

For whose approach each circling sun has rose
Since night, revolving, gave the world repose;
For this propitious hour, there gleam'd from far,
On Judah's plains, the heav'n-directed star.

Whilst, through opposing clouds, behold on high,
In streams of light, the mandates of the sky;
What holy awe enwrapt the favor'd swains,
When lips angelic spake the lofty strains.

O! that our hearts confess'd the sacred fire,
When wrapt in bliss they join'd the angelic choir:
When God's decrees from cherub lips were given,
And man, exulting, rais'd his voice to heaven.

In concert join'd to hail the birth of peace,
From God to man, which never more shall cease:
The purchas'd blessing of redeeming love,
The first and greatest of the gifts above.

Oh! thou inhabitant of earth, rejoice!
Thou greatly favor'd! raise thy grateful voice!
Awake to gladness! all creation rise,
And earth, exulting, meet the bending skies!*

All that has life, O join the sacred lay!
And songs of triumph fill the hallow'd day:
He comes! he comes! The promis'd Saviour see!
Bow every heart, and bend each humble knee.

Darkness and clouds no more oppose the way,
But light breaks forth in one eternal day:
O let my soul, aspiring, strive to raise
Her humble tribute of eternal praise!

Put forth her powers, and kindling with her aim,
Drop the vain world, and hymn her Saviour's name:
Be hush'd each grief, and banish'd every care,
All that is hop'd for, all that's dreaded here:

Each anxious view that clouds our present day,
And marks with tears the progress of my way,
Be far remov'd; nor mingle in my heart,
With hallow'd transports, earth's corroding smart.

Oh thou, whose birth illum'd the world below,
Gilds every scene, and softens every woe,
Complete thy work, and let our hearts resign
Each foe to thee, and make us wholly thine!

Thine here confest, and when this mortal toil
No more confines us to this painful soil,
O then receive us to the realms above,
To claim the blessings of redeeming love.

* "Lo! earth receives him from the bended skies."
—POPE'S MESSIAH.

NO. VII.

ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

'Tis past!—the dreadful conflict's o'er,
The struggling soul is fled!
Sickness and pain molest no more,
Nor vex the happy dead.

The tender parent, lov'd so long,
Has found a blest repose,
The friend, belov'd by virtues own,
Now triumphs o'er her woes.

No more for us the friendly glow,
Shall warm her clay-cold breast;
Nor from her lips shall accents flow,
That lull'd our cares to rest.

The Parent, Christian, Friend, is flown
To realms of light and love:
Each tender name is sunk in one,
The *Saint* now reigns above.

Ah! why was I denied to share
The last parental glance!
Why was the blessing, held so dear,
Withheld, by wayward chance?

What though a stranger,—yet my soul
Still heaves the filial sigh:
If duty, veneration, love,
Can form the tender tie!

The Child, the Friend, the weeping Poor,
Whose tears will praise thee best;
Shall raise thy monument secure,
Engrav'd on every breast.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Description of the Frigat, or Man-of-War Bird

(ABRIDGED FROM BUFFON'S HISTORY.)

The steadiness and rapidity wit which this bird moves through the ai have procured it the name of Frigat. I surpasses all the winged sailors in th boldness, the vigour, and the extent its flight; poised on wings of prodigiou length, which support it without percep tible motion, it swims gently through th tranquil air, waiting to dart on its pre with the rapidity of a flash: But if th atmosphere is embroiled with tempest the Frigat, nimble as the wind, ascend above the clouds, and stretches beyon the region of storms. It journies in directions, and either mounts upward or glides horizontally; and it often roa to the distance of several hundr leagues: and these immense excursio are performed by a single flight; a as the day is insufficient, it pursues route during the darkness of the night, a

never halts on the sea, but when invited by the abundance of prey.

The flying fishes, whose columns are pursued by the bonettoes and dolphins, when driven to extremity, spring out of the water, but escape not the Frigats. It is in quest of these fishes, that they roam so far from the land; they discern at a vast distance the progress of their phalanxes, which sometimes are so compacted as to make a rippling, and to whiten the ocean. Then the frigats shoot with downward flight, and bending along the surface of the water, they snatch the fish, seizing it with the bill or talons, and often with both at once, according as it scuds on the surface, or springs into the air.

It is between the tropics only, or a little beyond them, that we find the frigat in the seas of both continents. He maintains a sort of empire over the birds of the torrid zone; he obliges many to provide for him; and striking them with his wings or biting them with his hooked bill, he constrains them to disgorge their prey, which he instantly catches. The hostilities which he commits have led sailors to bestow on him the appellation of Man-of-War bird.

This temerity of the Frigat proceeds as much from the force of its arm and the boldness of its flight, as from its voracity. It is fitted by nature for war: its talons are sharp, its bill terminates in a very pointed hook, its flight is rapid, its sight acute: all these qualities seem to mark an analogy to the eagle, and to constitute it the tyrant of the air at sea.

This bird is not larger than a hen, but its wings extend eight, ten, and even fourteen feet. his prodigious expansion enables it to perform its distant excursions, and transports it into the midst of the ocean, where it is often the only object between the sky and the water that gratifies the longing eyes of the mariner; but this excessive length of wing hath also its inconvenience; it can hardly rise after it has alighted, so that when surprised in that situation it may be easily taken; a cliff or the summit of a tree is required, and even then it costs great efforts to mount on wing.

Hence the Frigats retire to settle on the high cliffs or woody islets: they build their nests on trees, in sequestered spots near the sea-shore, to breed in undisturbed security.

The feathers on the neck of these birds are so long that the inhabitants of the South-sea islands work them into bonnets. They set great value on the fat, or rather oil extracted from them, on account of its supposed virtue in curing rheumatisms and torpors.

For the Evening Fire-side.

ELEGY.

I had a friend—ah! muse, I say I *had*;
Light was his soul as April's genial shower;
Soft was his heart, with angel sweetness clad,
His converse mild, to cheer the tedious hour.

Light, soft, and mild, the cherish'd soul is fled,
Nor had his many virtues power to save;
Now cold, and number'd with the silent dead,
The graceful body fills an early grave.

ALEXIS, once I little thought would be
The time when fate should part thy love and mine.
I little thought these eyes could live to see
The light of cheerless day depriv'd of thine.

For pure our friendship, sacred was our tie,
Union of blended souls together join'd:
The happy hours which pass'd unheeded by,
Saw in two breasts one undivided mind.

Such holy love might sainted martyrs feel,
Burn with such passion, 'fin'd from base alloy,
Such holy love might warm a hermit's zeal,
With more than foretaste of celestial joy.

Mild is the opening promise of the spring,
Bright from her chamber breaks the blushing morn;
Sweet soars the tuneful lark on russet wing,
And fresh and fragrant breathes the scented thorn.

All these, *Alexis*, might my mind possess,
When we together brush'd the pearly dew;
But, lost forever to the dream of bliss,
This sickening heart can only brood on you.

To others gaily breaks the blushing morn,
To others be the spring's soft promise fair,
Soar the sweet lark, or breathe the scented thorn,
I live a cheerless inmate of despair.

Where yon tall elms afford a chequer'd shade,
A shade impervious to the glare of day,
How oft have we in friendly converse stray'd,
Or worn the fleeting hours in giddy play.

When noon-tide, pouring forth her sultry beam,
Bade nature to the glowing fervours yield,
How oft together have we sought the stream,
Tir'd with the rough amusements of the field.

Still shall my feet those favorite haunts explore,
Where we have walk'd, or run, or leap'd, or stood,
And tho' it bear thy much lov'd form no more,
Still will I woo thee in the chrystal flood.

C.

1800.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

MONTESQUIEU.

A young man, named Robert, sat alone in his boat in the harbour of Marseilles, a stranger had stept in and taken his seat near him, but quickly rose again: observing, that since the master had disappeared he would take another boat: "this Sir is mine," said Robert; "would you sail without harbour?"—"I meant only to move about in the bason, and enjoy the coolness of this fine evening. But I cannot believe you are a sailor." "Nor am I,—yet, on Sundays and holidays, I act the bargeman, with a view to make up a sum."—"What? covetous at your age! your looks had almost prepossessed me in your favour." "Alas! Sir, did you know my situation, you would not blame me:—"Well, perhaps I am mistaken—let us take our little cruize of pleasure and acquaint me with your history."

The stranger having resumed his seat, the dialogue after a short pause proceeded thus:—"I perceive young man that you are sad—what grieves you thus?"—"My father, Sir, groans in fetters, and I cannot ransom him. He earned a livelihood by petty brokerage, but in an evil hour embarked for Smyrna, to superintend in person the delivery of a cargo, in which he had a concern; the vessel was captured by a Barbary corsair, and my father was conducted to Tetuan, where he is now a slave. They refuse to let him go for less than 2000 crowns, a sum which far exceeds our scanty means. However, we do our best; my mother and sisters work day and night; I ply hard at my stated occupation of a journeyman jeweller, and, as you perceive, make the most I can of Sundays and holidays. I had resolved to put myself in my father's stead; but my mother apprized of my design, and dreading the double privation of a husband and only son, requested the Levant captains to refuse me a passage." "Pray do you ever hear from your father? Under what name does he pass? or what is his master's address?" "His master is overseer of the royal gardens at Fiz, and my father's name is Robert, at Tetuan, as at Marseilles," "Robert, overseer of the royal gardens"—"yes Sir." "I am touched with your misfortunes, but venture to predict their termination." Night drew on apace. The unknown, upon landing thrust into young Robert's hand a purse, containing eight double louis d'ors, with ten crowns in silver, and instantly disappeared.

Six weeks had passed since this adventure, and each returning sun bore witness to the unremitting exertions of the good family.

As they one day sat at their unsavory meal of bread and dried almonds, old Robert entered the apartment, in a garb little suited to a fugitive prisoner, tenderly embraced

his wife and children, and thanked them with tears of gratitude for the fifty louis they had caused to be remitted to him on his sailing from Tetuan, his free passage, and a comfortable supply of wearing apparel. His astonished relatives eyed one another in silence. At length Madame Robert, suspecting her son had secretly concerted the whole plan, recounted the various instances of his zeal. "Six thousand livres," continued she, "is the sum we wanted, and we had already procured somewhat more than half, owing chiefly to his industry. Some friends, no doubt, have assisted him upon an emergency like the present." A gloomy suggestion crossed the father's mind. Turning suddenly to his son, eyeing him with sternness of distraction, "Unfortunate boy," exclaimed he, "what have you done? How can I be indebted to you for my freedom, and not regret it? How could you effect my ransom without your mother's knowledge, unless at the expense of virtue? I tremble at the thought of filial affection having betrayed you into guilt. Tell the truth at once, and let us all die if you have forfeited your integrity."—"Calm your apprehensions, my dearest father," cried the son, embracing him; "no, I am not unworthy such a parent, though fortune has denied me the satisfaction of proving the full strength of my attachment. I am not your deliverer; but I know who is. Recollect, mother, the unknown gentleman, who gave me the purse. He was particular in his enquiries. Should I pass my life in the pursuit, I must endeavor to meet with him, and invite him to contemplate the fruits of his beneficence." He then related to his father all that passed in the pleasure boat, and removed every distressing suspicion.

Restored to the bosom of his family, Robert again partook of their joys, prospered in his dealings, and saw his children comfortably established. At last, on a Sunday morning, as his son sauntered on the quay, he recognized his benefactor, clasped his knees, and entreated him as his guardian angel, as the saviour of a father and a family to share the happiness of his own creation. The stranger again disappeared in the crowd: but, reader, this stranger was MONTESQUIEU.

[*Monthly Mirror.*]

For the Evening Fire-side.

Among the many subjects of controversy, perhaps that of education stands as high in the estimation of the enlightened world, as any other, and merits the attention of mankind to discriminate between the profitable and unprofitable studies of life. Many and various are the circumstances which impose themselves upon mankind to occupy the attention, insomuch that the real necessities of life are many times dispensed with for the transcient enjoyment of temporary objects. The influence of habit operates so powerfully on the generality of mankind, that they are disposed to pursue whatever practice antiquity has adopted. Many pursuits are yet adhered to, which long since should have been abolished, among which number I may rank the study of the dead languages. Whatever may have been the utility resulting from the study of those languages in the earlier ages of the world, it is plain no such advantages can accrue to the present age: They were formerly the only languages of some countries, but are now spoken nowhere: then, within their scope it was necessary for every one to be somewhat acquainted with them, but are now studied only to promote individual greatness.—What other motive can be given? Certainly it cannot be for instruction, since almost all the valuable productions of the ancients are now translated into the living languages, and may, in little time, and for how much less expence, be read with accuracy! Besides, two-thirds of the people cannot afford a classical education for their children. Sentences, then, in the dead languages, wherever they appear inserted in modern productions, are in fact an imposition on the major part of mankind, by tending to keep them in ignorance. The general intention of writing is either to please or instruct, neither of which can be effected where sentiments are couched in an unknown language; since no one can be pleased or instructed with that of which he is totally ignorant; nay, on the contrary, he cannot but be disgusted and disheartened.

PROBE.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

The following lines, composed by the celebrated Irish Patriot, *Arthur O'Connor*, were distributed by him in handbills, on his way to confinement in Fort George, in Scotland, 1798.

1.

The pomp of courts, and pride of kings,
I prize above all earthly things.
I love my country; but the king,
Above all men his praise I sing:
The royal banners are display'd,
And may success the standard aid,

2.

I fain would banish far from hence
'The Rights of Man' and 'Common Sense.'
Confusion to his odious reign,
That foe to princes—Thomas Paine!
Defeat and ruin seize the cause
Of France, its liberties and laws.

To one unacquainted with the clue of this piece, it would appear to be a full renunciation of those chimeras of liberty, which he had long been assiduously laboring to establish: but to understand correctly the real object of the writer, (which, from prudence, not principle, was thus invested in a garb of apparent deference to the constituted authorities) the first line of the second verse should be read immediately after the first line of the first verse—the second line of the second verse after the second line of the first, and thus continuing throughout to connect the corresponding lines of each verse.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Biographical sketch of Virgil, the celebrated Latin Poet.

Publius Virgilius Maro was born on the 15th day of October, in the year of Rome 684, and about 69 years before Christ, in the consulship of Pompey and Crassus, at a village called Andes, now Petula, not far from Mantua. It is said his father, whose name was Virgil, was a person of low birth, and mean circumstances. Young Virgil early discovered marks of a fine genius; and at the age of twelve years was sent to study at Cremona, where he continued till his seventeenth year. He then removed to Milan, and from thence to Naples, where resided several teachers of philosophy and polite learning. There he prosecuted his studies with great industry and intenseness: carefully perusing the most elegant of the Greek and Roman writers. But physic and mathematics were his favorite sciences. To this early tincture of geometrical learning, were owing that regularity of thought, propriety of expression, and exactness of conducting all subjects, for which he is so remarkable. He learned the Epicurean philosophy under the celebrated Syro, who, as Cicero informs us, was eminent for learning and virtue. Virgil's exalted genius could not lie long inactive; accordingly, we are told

that in the warmth of early youth, he framed a noble design, and boldly determined to write a poem on the wars of Rome: but after some attempts he was discouraged from proceeding, by the roughness and asperity of the old Roman names, which horridly disgusted so delicate an ear.

Captivated with the beauties of the Idylliums of Theocritus, he afterwards became ambitious of introducing a new species of poetry among the Romans, and hence-forward seems to have bent his whole thoughts to imitate and rival the sweet Sicilian; and having transported Pastoral into his own country, he brought it to bear as happily as "the cherry-trees which Sucullus brought from Pontus." The first of his several compositions of this kind, it is supposed, was written in the twenty-fifth year of his age. These early efforts of his muse were employed to useful and prudent purposes—to conciliate the countenance of the great—to relieve the distresses of himself and his family—to commemorate his benefactors—to gain the favour and friendship of those by whom it was honor and happiness to be beloved.

After visiting Rome and some other parts of Italy, in the thirty-fourth year of his age he retired to a delightful and convenient privacy at Naples, and laid the plan of his inimitable Georgics: which he undertook at the earnest entreaties of that wise and able minister Mæcenas, on a noble political motive, and to promote the welfare of his country. At this time the desolation occasioned by the civil wars was very great: Italy was almost depopulated; the lands were uncultivated and unstocked, and famine and insurrection ensued. Mæcenas, therefore, resolved, if possible, to revive the decayed spirit of husbandry; to introduce a taste for agriculture; to make country improvements a fashionable amusement for the great.—What method so likely to effect this, as to recommend agriculture with all the insinuating charms of poetry? Virgil fully answered the expectations of his polite patron: for the Georgics contain all those masterly beauties that might be expected from an exalted genius, whose judgment and imagination were in full vigour and maturity, and who had leisure to give the last polish and perfection to his incomparable workmanship.

In the year of Rome 729, when he was forty-five years old, he began writing his Æneid. This poem is said to have been begun the very year in which Augustus, the Roman Emperer was freed from his great rival Anthony. The government of the Roman empire was to be wholly in him; and though he chose to be called their father, he was, in every thing but the name, their king. This monarchical form of government must naturally be apt to displease the people. Virgil seems to have laid the plan of his poem to reconcile them to it. He takes advantage of their religious turn, and of some old prophecies that must have been very flattering to the Roman people, as promising them the empire of the world; and weaves this in with the most probable account of their origin: that of their being descended from the Trojans. It appears plain that the two great points aimed at in the Æneid, were, to maintain their old religious tenets, and to support the then newly formed government in the family of the Cæsars. But whatever might have been his reasons for writing it, the poem itself has been highly applauded in all ages, from its first appearance to this day.

After having brought the Æneid to a conclusion, though not to that perfection he intended, Virgil resolved to travel into Greece. Augustus, returning victorious from the east, at Athens met with our poet, who thought himself obliged to wait upon the emperor back to Italy. But he was suddenly seized with a fatal distemper, which, being encreased by the agitation of the vessel that he was embarked in, he had scarce time to land at Brundusium, where he died on the 22d day of September, in the fifty-second year of his age.

He was of a swarthy complixion, tall of stature, of a sickly constitution, afflicted with frequent head-aches and spitting of blood; very temperate and abstemious in his diet; very regular, sober, and chaste in his morals. He was so far from courting observation, that he frequently ran into the shops to prevent being gazed at in the streets of Rome: So honored was he by the Romans, that, coming once into the theatre, the whole audience rose up out of respect to him. He was of a thoughtful and melancholy temper, spoke little, and loved retirement and contemplation, and was an enemy to those talkative impertinents from which courts are rarely free. His fortune was not only easy, but affluent; he had a delightful villa in Sicily, and a fine house and well furnished library near the gardens of Mæcenas, on the Esqueline hill at Rome. We are told that on his death bed he earnestly requested that his Æneid might be burnt, because it had not received his last corrections and improvements! but the emperor interposed and would not suffer a poem that was to consecrate his name to immortality, to be destroyed: it was then bequeathed to Varius and Tucca, with a strict charge that they should make no additions: which they so exactly observed as not to fill up even the hemesticks which were left imperfect. He died with such steadiness and tranquillity as to be able to dictate his own epitaph in the following words:

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope; cecini Pascua, Revia, Duces.

His bones were carried to Naples, according to his earnest request, and a monument was erected at a small distance from the city.

COMPILER.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

THE DYING AFRICAN.

Stretch'd on the ground, the panting slave was laid,
Around his temples stifling breezes play'd;
Faint mov'd his pulse, his glistening eyes were dim;
Wither'd and feeble was each toil-worn limb;
To sultry air unpitied and alone,
The dying sufferer breath'd his last sad moan:

"Now on my memory bursts anew the hour
"Which doom'd me, sorrowing, to the tyrants power;
"Snatch'd me forever from my much lov'd shore,
"And bade my deep torn bosom hope no more.
"'Twas then the ruffians from my close embrace,
"Pluck'd my fond wife, and dash'd my clinging race;
"They spurn'd my hoary parents from their knees,
"And, scoffing, dragg'd me to the whitening seas;
"Forc'd me from heav'n's fair light, and wholesome air,
"To close and noisome prisons of despair.
"There sicken'd hundreds strew'd th' infected ground,
"And sobs and groans of anguish h[illegible]r'd round.
"Ah! would the thundering storm had burst, to sweep
"The guilty vessel from the swelling deep!
"Here in the scorching of a fiery sun,
"My hours of woe their weary course have run;
"Here my faint limbs have borne the bloody gash,
"Here have I sunk beneath the tyrant's lash:
"And still while writhing on the parched land,
"Mid bitter taunts I felt his ruthless hand.
"Soft sons of luxury, I toil'd for you,
"To grace your feast, and swell your idle show.
"The rich ingredients of your costly board,
"Our fears, our pangs, our miseries afford:
"Think! think! amid your heaps of useless food,
"How much is tainted with your brother's blood;
"Mid your gay hours, Oh! hear our deep drawn sighs,
"Let our shrunk ghosts in swarthy troops arise,
"And chill your heedless souls."—He spoke no more,
His quivering lips had lost their wonted pow'r,
His eyes were fix'd, he feebly mov'd his head;
His pulse no longer beat, his spirit fled. S.

SWEETS OF FRIENDSHIP.

How sweet, when the nightingale sings from the grove,
When the moon is half hid o'er the hill,
When nothing is heard but the whisper of love,
And the sound of the far distant rill:

How sweet with the friend of our bosom to stray,
Amidst scenes such as these to commune,
And, quitting the glitter and bustle of day,
Mend the heart, and the passions attune.

May this oft be our lot, so wisdom divine
Shall lead us a flowery way,
So our morning of life shall brilliantly shine,
And its evening be cloudless and gay.

FEMALE EDUCATION,

Important to the virtue and happiness of Society.

As man is formed for social life, the beneficent Creator has interwoven in his nature the fellow feeling of humanity. To weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice, is not the dictate of civilization, but the pure impulse of undissembled nature. The wild savage, who regards no other laws than those which were originally implanted by nature's God, feels the glow of sympathy upon his obdurate heart. His iron brow softens at distress, and he proffers a willing hand to lighten the unwieldy load.

In addition to the common ties of humanity, there is an endearing connexion, which, in a civilized state, exists between the two sexes. In this we experience the greatest superiority over the uncultivated world.

That woman is calculated to make man happy, by infusing into his cup of life a soothing balm, the spontaneous offspring of their softer nature, is a truth unnecessary to be inculcated in a refined age. The natural delicacy of the female sex is admirably calculated to smooth the tempestuous brow of care—to harmonize our jarring passions, and attune them to virtue. By the texture of their bodies and the delicacy of their minds, it is evident that they are called to act their parts in the milder scenes of life.

Man is cast in a rougher mould. Destined to combat in the dreary wilds of adversity, and inured to the hardships of an active life, without an influence from the softer sex, his manners would remain uncultivated—the tender emotions which constitute the zest of life, would be the unmeaning names of unfelt pleasures. His superior strength was given him that he might succor and defend the more helpless fair. Whatever tends to impair the harmony of the sexes, is an innovation upon their mutual happiness. When we lose the confidence of the fair, the great spring of social virtue is destroyed.

The unavoidable evils of life are numerous and formidable. The purest stream is contaminated with some bitter ingredient. But even the scanty pittance of happiness which is left us to be enjoyed, too often falls a sacrifice to deliberate passions. The fair, whose dispositions entitle them to a situation the most exempted from the ills of life, are too often doomed to struggle with the hardest fate. Their calamities, I blush at the confession, are frequently occasioned by those whom heaven designed their guardians and protectors.

"Man, savage man, the rudest beast of prey,
Assumes the face of kindness to betray,
His giant strength against the weak employs:
And woman, whom he should protect, destroys."

Nature produces monsters of almost every species. Man may be inhuman, and even woman imperfect. Whenever the laws of their nature are violated; whenever the fair degrade themselves from that point of excellence which virtue ought to maintain, respect is not a tribute. We may pay homage to their external beauty; to their delicate shape and symmetry of features: But when the delusion vanishes; when we find the pure angelic form conceals a polluted mind, our reverence for the *goddess* is soon superceded by a detestation of the *painted sepulchre*.

The want of a good education and good example, is the principal cause of almost all the vices found among the human race. The greatest knave, or the lewdest prostitute, when a recess from crimes gives leisure for reflection, recurs with a confused pleasure to those moments of native innocence, when vice in thought was betrayed by a crimson cheek.

Read the history of the most unfortunate of the female sex: Nature perhaps left her possessed of the seeds of those graces, both of body and mind, which, if cultivated, might have rendered her the pattern of perfection. Unfortunately the offspring of a penurious soul, whose circumscribed views led him to believe that money is the chief good, her education is entrusted to those whose accomplishments extend no farther than to the meaner concerns of domestic economy. As he considers all knowledge superfluous which is not immediately connected with the acquisition of wealth, he wishes to blast rather than cultivate those opening flowers which might elevate her views above the *distaff* or the *dairy*.

At length the sordid wretch must leave his heaps of gold. Before this last tribute is paid to nature, his injured creditors and specious friends rifle his coffers of the utmost farthing. His innocent child, deprived of her patrimony, is turned out a victim to a cruel world. Unacquainted with the wiles of modern life, without a friend to counsel or reprove, she soon falls a sacrifice to some base deceiver, and ends her days in want and wretchedness.

The highest happiness which can be enjoyed in this state of imperfection, is to be found in domestic life. Here the man of business may resort, and mitigate his care in the society of an engaging consort. Here afflictions are alleviated and joys increased. The bed of sickness is made easy, by the tender solicitude of an affectionate partner. Old age is no more than a retirement from the perplexing cares of time and sense, where the fond pair may participate in a retrospective survey of those scenes where they walked hand in hand in the variegated path of life.

Miserable indeed must be the lot of that man whose domestic felicity may be blasted by the ravages of time or caprice of fortune! A pretty face may charm for a day; a splendid equipage for a time may fly the pursuit of care; but the happiness which may be derived from a connexion with a virtuous woman, possessing those accomplishments which are the necessary offspring of a good education, is far superior to all the boasted enjoyments of wealth and dignities.

Reader, if thou hast a daughter, remember that she is formed for social life: think not even the greatest quantity of glittering dust so rich an inheritance as a good education. Undoubtedly you may find some penurious wretch who has squandered his patrimony in vice and infamy, who would submit to the incumbrance of your daughter, could he obtain her money, and again riot in dissipation. The lover and husband may apparently be united while the matchless charms of her gold are unimpaired. But when *this* cement of his affection is no more; when *that* which made his wife the object of his esteem has ceased to exist, no wonder that he should abandon so contemptible an object, and seek anew his fortune in a flattering world.

If thy bosom is warmed with parental tenderness, thy imagination can paint her wretchedness in more striking colors than the pen can describe.

Discourse of Dr. Taulerus with a Beggar.

A great Divine prayed to God, during the space of eight years, that he would be graciously pleased to direct him to a man who might teach him the true way to heaven. It was said to him at length; "Go to such a church porch, and there "thou shalt find a man who will instruct "thee in the spiritual life." Accordingly he went, and found a poor beggar very meanly clad. He saluted him in these words, "God give you a good day, my "friend." The poor man answered, "Sir, I do not remember that I ever had "an evil day." The Doctor said to him, "God give you a good and happy life;" "Why say you that?" replied the beggar; "I never was unhappy." "God bless "you, my friend," said the Doctor, "pray tell me what you mean." He replied, "That I shall willingly do. I "told you first, I never had an evil day; "for when I have hunger, I praise God; "if it rain, hail, snow, or freeze, be it "fair or foul; or if I am despised or ill "used, I return God thanks; so never "had an ill day: nor have I ever been "unhappy, since I have learned always "to resign myself to his will, being very "certain of this, that all his works are "perfectly good: and therefore I never "desire any thing else but the good plea-"sure of God." Then said the Doctor, "But what if the good pleasure of God "should be to cast you hence into hell?" "If he would do so," replied the other, "I have two arms to embrace him with; "the one whereof is profound humility, "by which I am united to his holy hu-"manity; the other is love or charity, "which joins me to his divinity. Em-"braced with these two arms he would "descend with me thither, if thither he "he ordered me: and there I had infi-"nitely rather be with him, than in para-"dise without him." Hereby the doctor learned that true resignation to the divine will, accompanied with profound humility of heart, is the shortest way to attain God's love.

After that, he asked him again from whence he came. The poor man answered God *sent him*. The Doctor enquired of him *where he found* God. He replied, "I found him when I renoun-"ced all the creatures." "And where "did you leave him?" said the Doctor. He replied, "With the poor in spirit, "the pure in heart, and men of charity." "But who are you?" says the divine. "I am a king," says the beggar. "Where "is your kingdom?" says the former. "In my soul," says the latter: "I have "learned to bring into subjection, and "govern my senses, as well outward as "inward, with my affections and pas-"sions, which kingdom is undoubtedly "superior to all the kingdoms of this "world." The doctor then asked him by what means he had attained to such perfection. He answered, "By silence, "vigilance, meditation, prayer, and the "union I had with God. I could find "no sure repose or comfort in any crea-"ture of the world; by means whereof "I found out my God, who will comfort "me world without end."—*Amen.*

ADDRESS TO A ROBBIN RED-BREAST.

Lone bird, that bends the leafy spray,
And sweetly trills the liquid strain,
What time the twilight's curtain grey
Hangs darkling o'er the dewy plain.

Fond warbler of the glimmering hour,
Ah! yet prolong the tender lay,
And soft thy note of sorrow pour,
To soothe a weeping wanderer's way!

While slow I tread with step forlorn,
To breathe the evening's odour'd gale;
Perch'd lightly on the waving thorn,
I meet thy music down the dale.

Silent along the growing gloom,
The sinking form of pale despair,
I seek the peace-inspiring tomb,
And find thy voice of pity there.

Ah! minstrel kind—when wan and cold,
That friendly tomb shall round me close,
Oh! *there* thy plaintive tale be told,
And *there* thy weary wing repose!

So when to hide thy little clay,
Each feather'd mourner strips the tree,
May every warbling Red-Breast pay
A parting song of rest to thee!

CHATTERTON.

It is recorded of the infancy of *Chatterton*, by his mother, that, upon being asked what toy would afford him most pleasure, he replied, with an earnestness that bespoke the emotion of his mind, "A trumpet to blow aloud!" This reply sufficiently indicated that proud aspiring spirit which animated the genius, and shortened the existence of that extraordinary character. Upon this circumstance the following verses are founded. *London paper.*

Averse to ev'ry childish toy,
Why seize the Trumpet, daring boy,
And blow in strains so loud and clear,
As all th' admiring world might hear,
While the loud echo should rebound,
And give to future times the sound?
Ah! what could prompt thy wish to claim,
In infancy, the Trump of Fame?
By what intemperate thirst of praise,
Too sure presage of shorten'd days?
By what ambitious phrenzy led!
That Trumpet sounds but for the dead!
Nor knew'st thou then, in hope elate,
What future evils should await;
That pride should teach repulse to feel;
And avarice grudge the scanty meal;
Nor yet to quench thy ardent soul,
Appear'd the horrors of the bowl!
O! born in infancy to plan
A work beyond the power of man;
The native of some other sphere,
Thy spirit just had lighted here.
By Fame allur'd—but doom'd to find
Th' ingratitude of base mankind,
Indignant, left its frame behind!
With powers that had adorn'd our race,
Ah! how thy fortunes must disgrace.
The Trump of Fame shall now too late
Announce thy genius and thy fate,
And sound the mingled blasts of shame,
With the loud honors of thy name.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

British and French Fleets in the West-Indies.

FOREIGN.—*St. John, (Antigua) Jan.* 14. On Sunday arrived off this harbour, under convoy of his majesty's ship Fifguard, that part of the Cork fleet bound to Jamaica and proceeded immediately; at the same time his majesty's ship Northumberland, from whence admiral Cochrane landed at English harbor.

Jan. 16.—Vice-admiral Duckworth, and rear-admiral Louis, with 5 ships of the line arrived at Barbadoes a few days past. The Sirius frigate being in lat. 46, fell in with 18 ships of war belonging to the enemy, and immediately hastened to vice-admiral Collingwood with the intelligence, who dispatched admirals Duckworth and Louis in pursuit of them. Off the Cape de Verd islands, they chased 6 sail of the enemy's line, supposed to be a part of the force above mentioned, and suspecting the remainder might be destined to the West-Indies, made the best of their way to Barbadoes.

Jan. 21.—His Majesty brig Hart, which arrived at English harbor on Saturday evening last, has brought the following intelligence:—

"On the 13th inst to windward of Marigalante, the Unicorn, boarded an American, who informed him that 2 days before, when he was in lat. 17, long. 59, he fell in with 8 sail of the enemy's ships and a brig, steering windward, and that he was so close as to be certain were all two-deckers.

On Sunday last the British squadron, under the command of Admiral Duckworth, amounting to seven sail of the line, was discovered from the Shirley Heights, standing to the westward. And on Monday six sail of the line one of which bore a blue flag on her mizen top gallant mast head, were seen holding their course towards St. Kitt's.

If the above reports be authentic, there can be little doubt that our gallant admiral is in purſuit of the enemy's fleet;—But, we fear, too far a-ſtern to juſtify a ſtrong hope, of his being fortunate enough to overtake them.

DOMESTIC.—*New-York, February 17.*—Captain Weſton, of the ſchr. Mariner, from St. Bartholomews, informs, that a Britiſh frigate had arrived there previous to his ſailing, and offered to remain as a defence againſt any attack from the French, it being underſtood that an expedition was fitting out at Gaudaloupe. The governor, having no authority, declined accepting the offer. Capt. W. farther informs, that an arrival at St. Bartholomews had brought intelligence of the Britiſh having taken poſſeſſion of the Plate River. This ſeems corroborative of the news, lately publiſhed, of their taking Buenos Ayres. This town is about fifty miles from the River de la Plate, ſituate in a beautiful country, and is a place of conſiderable trade and great riches.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Lancaſter to his friend in this city, dated Feb. 17, 1806.

"A circumſtance of ſome importance has taken place with us to-day. Mr. Dickſon, editor of the Lancaſter Intelligencer, in his laſt paper, ſtated that the governor and his ſecretaries had been endeavouring to corrupt Mr. Wertz, a ſenator, with a promiſe of the offices of Bedford county. A bill was found by the grand jury, who were then ſitting, againſt him for a libel. On Saturday morning the trial came on and continued until Sunday evening, when the jury went out and did not agree until eleven o'clock this morning. Their verdict was GUILTY, and the ſentence of the Court *three months impriſonment and* 500 *dollars fine*. He was ſent immediately to jail. The grand jury were unanimous, although they were about divided as to politicks. The Petit jury were alſo about equally divided in political ſentiment.

Counterfeit bills.—A gang of bank-bill counterfeiters have been broken up in Rhode-Iſland; five committed to jail, two others arreſted; and the reſt vigorouſly purſued. Seven plates, compriſing fourteen different kinds of bills, have been ſecured. Among them are the plates of the Providence, Glouceſter, and Smithfield bills. The counterfeiters are ſaid to be men of good eſtate.

ANECDOTE.

A certain gentleman, not well ſkilled in orthography, requeſted his friend in Surrinam, to ſend him *too* Monkies. The t, not being diſtinctly written, the friend concluded *his too* was intended to for one hundred. With difficulty he procured 50, which he ſent, adding the other 50, agreeably to your requeſt, will be forwarded as ſoon as poſſible.

MARRIED—On the 15th inſt. by *Robert Wharton*, Eſq. Mr. JOHN ZANE, jun. Merchant, to Miſs MARIA A. MORRIS, both of this city.

On the 12th inſt. by the Rev. *Mr. Helmuth*, Mr. AARON WADDLE, to Miſs MARY WHITEMAN, daughter of Mr. John Whiteman, all of this city.

DIED—On the 10th inſt. of a gradual decay, Mrs. *Rebecca Coxe*, the amiable wife of Tench Coxe, Eſq. Endowed by Divine Providence with all thoſe endearing virtues, which peculiarly grace and exalt the tender ſex, this excellent Lady has left to her bereaved family and friends, the ſweet hope and confidence, that ſhe has paſſed from the bed of ſuffering to the bleſſed manſions of the ſpirits of the *juſt* made perfect.

On the 5th inſtant, Mrs. *Elizabeth Shipley*, wife of Mr. John Shipley, in the 29th year of her age. Seldom are we called upon to mention a death with more ſincere regret. The deceaſed was highly eſteemed—She was a tender parent, and affectionate wife, engaging in her manners, and of a benevolent heart. She died as univerſally lamented, as ſhe had lived eſteemed, during her long illneſs, which ſhe bore with fortitude and reſignation, and at laſt ſubmitted with a pious reſignation to the will of heaven.

Her fond huſband beheld her for the laſt time, cold, pale and lifeleſs, lying in the coffin, ſurrounded by weeping relatives and friends. Her ſpeaking eye was cloſed, quenched were its lively beams; the tongue could no longer perform its office, and that hand which had ſo often given him a friendly welcome, lay lifeleſs in its ſpotleſs ſhroud—She is gone.

Let us hence learn, that faſt approacheth the moment when we alſo muſt cloſe our eyes on ſublunary objects—and while theſe are prolonged, let us all be diligent in preparing to meet our God.

On Sunday evening, (ſays the Cumberland Review, of the 22d ult.) RUTH TALBOT, infantine daughter of Capt. Thomas Talbot of this place, aged 11 months 22 days. The death of this child was occaſioned by the nurſe giving it an over portion of laudanum. It appears that, previous to the laudanum being given, the nurſe had made an engagement to go on a party of pleaſure, and gave the laudanum for the purpoſe of getting the child aſleep—about an hour after, it was diſcovered, when it could be obſerved that it was attacked with ſlight convulſions. Two phyſicians were called, whoſe efforts proved ineffectual, and about 4 hours after, it expired. The opinion of the phyſicians was, that the death was occaſioned by the doſe. Theſe particulars are intended as a warning to thoſe parents who leave their children in the hands of their nurſe.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge the receipt of EGBERT's *critique*, but as he has aſſumed the occupation of a *reviewer*, we recommend to him a careful *review* of his *own* production *firſt*, in order to diveſt it of its *eight-fold* grammatical errors.

C.'s errata have been noticed; more clearneſs in the formation of his letters in future, will prevent the recurrence of ſimilar errors. The words which were ſo "mutilated," were totally *unintelligible*.

ANNA's original eſſay, poſſeſſes conſiderable merit; but the ſubject is thread-bare. Her ſelection (written in 1787) is not ſufficiently intereſting, to entitle it to a place in our miſcellany.

If our juvenile correſpondent B. S. will examine the title of his eſſay by Johnſon, we think it will be found incorrect; ſeveral other errors render it inadmiſſible. This "*germe*" however, of his youthful "fancy" evinces a poetic genius, the more *correct* productions of which, we hope will grace ſome future number.

A SUBSCRIBER is informed that notices of marriages cannot be inſerted unleſs the manuſcripts be ſubſcribed by the perſon who ſends them.

To EVENING FIRE WOOD, we preſcribe another *narcotic*—"perchance to dream" again—if ſo be, a greater attention to the light of his viſionary "candle" may lead him into "Path"-*literary merit*.

PHILOTHEUS and "verſes on the late THOMAS CORBYN" came too late for inſertion this week, they are deſigned to adorn our next number

If SOB will ſtyle his eſſay an *enigma*, or give it *ſome title*, it will tend to elucidate his deſign, but in its preſent ſituation it remains "*inexplicable.*"

ERRATA.

No. 6.—In "*New-Year's Reflections,*" ſtanza fourth, line first, for *future*, read *feſtive*.

In C's "*Soldier,*" Stanza fifteenth, line first, for *creatures* read *greatness*—for *where* read *what*—Line second, for *tho'* read *the*—In the date, for 1806 read 1805.

In "*Memoirs of Catharine L—,*" line thirteenth, for *inspire admiration*, read *inspire that admiration*.

No. 7.—In *Albert's* "*Address to S— S—,*" Stanza first, line first, for *but*, read *bud*.—Last stanza, line third, for *moon*, read *noon*.

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